

Robert-o He – She – It

by
Brett Paufler

I don't mean to complain... Well, maybe I do... but no. I mean I've had a good run. Killed my share of dragons. Rescued my share of princesses... and not all of them were worthy of the name. Some of them were merely duchesses or baronesses, while others were just... well, ugly. I mean, royal princess or not, troll chicks are pretty darn scary and dwarven women... You don't have to wonder why all those married dwarves are burning the midnight oil deep in the mines or why so many of them are eager to go off adventuring... just take a good long look at their wives... but try not to shudder as you do. Talk about capricious and vindictive.

Anyway, mostly it's been good. Fair elvin maidens, sprites, pixies... and mostly milk runs at that. I mean, sure, when I signed up for the hero bit, I expected to get my hair scorched by a dragon or two and to get my sword bent as I swung it uselessly against the hide of a Swamp Nellie... What I didn't know was that most of the time it would be simply a matter of delivering a message or explaining a little misunderstanding. You know, letting the vain elvin elder know that the uncouth human barbarian didn't really know what he was saying when he said there was no place as free and brave as the great northern wilds... that the human wasn't really intending to enter into a war of honor with the elvin nations... and, you know, that he was just being an uncouth human barbarian... sort of like the guys from Texas that you see at a convention now and again...

Anyhow, I guess what I'm saying is fair is fair. You don't always get the good missions, you don't always draw the quest where you have to smite an evil warlord before you rescue the comely daughter of a fairy king... and I'm even willing to keep the

peace... you know make google eyes at an a orc maiden... or show a visiting goblin dignitary a “good time,” provided she’s a wench, of course... but I draw the line at the gender confused. I’m not romancing no dude just because he thinks he’s a woman trapped in a man’s body. Cast a remove curse... take off the girdle of opposition... I don’t know what. Look. I’m not a mage, but a dude’s a dude... and helping maids in distress is a vow based on biology not psychology.

“We have heard the arguments for both sides... and in these changing times of loosening morals, changing gender roles, and acceptance of alternative lifestyles... upon reviewing the Hero’s Guild’s standard contract from which we quote... ‘it being the time honored tradition, privilege, and duty of a rescuing hero to ride off into the sunset... marry, ravage... disrobe, defrock... or in other ways enjoy the bounty of that which he has earned... that to return said princess, maiden... ward, daughter... or even wife... in less than a wholly satisfied, passionately satiated condition... would be a betrayal of our oath, our creed, and our mission... and as such no such conduct engaged in between said hero and rescued maiden... is to be interpreted in any other way than as an obvious indication of said maiden’s beauty, purity, intrinsic worth, an object of desire, and a suitability subject for said quest in the first place.’

“As such, we are forced to conclude that Robert... a.k.a. Roberto... a.k.a. the fair maiden in question... has a fair expectation... nay a right to be ravaged as if he were a she... and all that that entails.”

Needless to say, I turned evil on the spot and ran the lot of them through with my sword. I don’t feel guilty or remorseful. It was easier than I would have thought... but I had to spare Roberto. The idea of burying my sword, to the hilt... deep into Roberto’s... tender young flesh... still just sort of gives me the heebie-jeebies. Besides, what would the bards say?

Anyhow, if you'll excuse me... I see another hero is making his way up the path to my Fortress of Evil. I'll try and explain the situation to him, but he'll only think I'm lying... And, even if I let him talk to whoever he is supposed to be rescuing today... be it Mandy the Randy Milk Maid, Princess Helle'anna, or one of the pixie twins... the things they can do with their wings... well, you get the idea. Anyhow, even if I let him talk to the object of his quest, he wouldn't believe them either. He'd probably go on about charms and beguilement.

But, not to worry. I have taken this being evil thing to heart... and after I find out who this fool is after, I'll change her into a him... with the proviso that one night of passion is all that it takes to end the dweomer.

This stops most heroes cold. I've converted more than one on the spot with this gambit... and then... well, and then... I'd guess you'd have to say that underneath it all I'm a good guy... have a soft place in my heart for fair maidens in distress... because that's were Roberto comes in. Roberto has a sort of natural gift for turning a he into a she.

In fact, it's what he does best.

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